

OUR SOCIAL CHAT.

All letters intended for this department should be addressed to "Aunt Jennie," care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

Aunt Jennie's Letter.

One of the young lady members of our circle on her way to college came by to see me, and I had a delightful two hours' chat with her. I wish that each of your had been with us, but we mutually missed many familiar faces this summer. Where have you been, and what have you seen? Write it up for the Circle. Let us read of your trips and enjoy, to some extent, what to you, was real pleasure.

I must tell you of a delightful experience I had on yesterday. Some kind friend sent me a barrel of apples, and as many of them had begun to decay, I made haste to save them. Of course, I could not select red ones for jelly when the green ones were more abundant and seemed equally prone to decay. Well, I cut all kinds, and the juice, when done, was a colorless, muddy liquid. I used a porcelain kettle, but cut up and boiled three medium sized beets until the water in which they lay was a beautiful red. Then I measured the juice. There was a gallon of it, and one cup full of the beet water; this I poured into the kettle, added one cup of sugar to three of the water and juice, and after cooking, the result is a beautiful rich red jelly. Now don't get fastidious and imagine that you could taste that beet flavor, for you could do no such thing, and just think that that coloring fluid is perfectly harmless. You say that your beets are too old and tough to use? Let me tell you that those I used were old, but they were red, and that was what I wanted, so I put them on in cold water and boiled them to extract the color. Try it and feel proud over your success, as I do because of mine.

There are some impatient souls in the world who chafe wherever the harness touches them, and if they wear none, they straightway cast glances around to find some reason for fretting because of some one else's troubles. Life is not all sunshine, but there are few days so dark that no rift appears in the cloud. Why, one dear old soul blames me for not publishing the letters as fast as they are received for our page. Now, mind you, I say our page, for that is all the space we are allowed to occupy, and there are only just so many lines on that page. Our printers have not learned the art of printing half dozen words where one should be, therefore we must needs bide our time. Continue to watch this page, and my word for it, you will see that nice letter of yours ere long.

Jim Dorman's letter deserves especial mention this week, and you will find a query in it which may cause you to answer him. All the letters are interesting, and those from busy women are always appreciated by the Circle.

AUNT JENNIE.

Criticism and Charity.

Dear Aunt Jennie: There is a medical magazine ("Medical Talk") published at Columbus, Ohio, edited by a doctor who was once a practicing physician, but who, becoming convinced that the medical fraternity was practicing a good deal of deception upon the rest of humanity, gave up his practice and now gives free medical advice to the reading public through his magazine. But he writes about other things, also, and invites correspondence from his subscribers, and thus makes his magazine interesting and helpful to the non-professional, as well as to

the professional. But this, by the way. My object in calling attention to it is to make somewhat a comparison. In the April number of "Medical Talk" appeared an article written by George Guanie, entitled "Domesticity vs. Business." This man censured women for being so anxious to give up domestic duties for those of the business world. More of his argument I will not tell you just now; but one thing I will tell you, there were several very roasting replies to his article from the opposite sex. He has not, as yet, made any answer to these replies.

As it was with this man, so it has been with Jack Klinard. Jack mentioned a few things that he did not like to see in a woman, and—well, I guess he has found out by this time that there are some things in men that women do not like, either; for I think he has been well roasted, too. I have read most of these replies, and I have been right well amused at them sometimes, as well as interested. But while I have been interested and amused by these answers, there has often come to my mind this bit of poetry:

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

There is too much fault-finding in the world to-day, anyway. We need ever to keep in mind that beautiful verse from Pope, I believe it is:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

It would be a good idea for us, when we see someone doing wrong and feel like censuring him for it, to say to ourselves, "Perhaps I do not know full well the 'why' nor the 'wherefore'; I might do the same thing if placed in his or her position." But I will not be tedious. One more thought and I will give room to some one else.

Not very long since, a noted man (I do not now know his name), said: "America is upon the eve of unmarried women." Supposing this statement to be true, I want to ask the female Catterers why such is the case—and Jack may answer, too, if he likes. After you have all answered, I shall perhaps give my opinion.

With best wishes for Auntie and all the cousins,

JIM DORMAN.

Duplin Co., N. C.

Churches and Secret Societies.

Dear Aunt Jennie: I have known The Progressive Farmer for only about six months, but it is a good paper and I enjoy reading it very much. The Social Chat is always a bright, interesting page, so I hope Auntie will let me step in and chat awhile. I should like to see Aunt Jennie's picture at the head of the page, even if she is not so youthful as she once was.

And, cousins, there is something far better than mere beauty of features anyway. A plain face, a kind tender, loving disposition, and a desire to help all that need assistance, and make every one happy, to my mind, make a much more beautiful woman than one whose features are perfect, but who is wicked, deceitful and selfish.

Cousin Country Miss, I think that probably Cousin Jack Klinard realizes that men are far from perfection (it is always easier to see some one else's faults than our own), but he is so unselfish that he would like to see the ladies be what his ideals are. Women are always thought to

be purer, tenderer and nobler than men.

You say it appears to you that there is more love and harmony in the secret societies than in the churches to-day. You probably are thinking that our grandparents were more earnest and sincere, worshipping in their unpretentious log churches, surrounded by the primeval forests, and sometimes besieged by Indians, than we are in this the twentieth century, the age of learning and of good church houses. Alas! We fear it is true! There was a simple trusting faith. They loved their fellow men and were ready to forget their own trials to help others. Their minds and time were not taken up so much by thoughts of accumulating gold or getting ahead of every one else. But we fear we take too much interest in secret societies and neglect our churches. Our hearts are always in the work we are most interested in.

Rebecca asked some important questions that we would all do well to consider. Marrying for love is no doubt a very good thing to do, but a little money is often necessary to preserve the love, as love and poverty do not thrive together.

NORTH CAROLINA BOY.
Warren Co., N. C.

Women and Wrappers.

Dear Aunt Jennie: I agree with Jack Klinard in the mother-hubbard question, in one sense. I do not think a lady looks neat and sweet in a mother-hubbard dress without an apron on, no matter how clean it may be. But I do think a woman with a wrapper on made of calico or percale, with a tight-fitting lining in it and wearing a nice checked gingham apron, looks far neater and more comfortable when she has all her house work to do without any hired help, than she does with a skirt and waist on that is half the time coming apart at the waist band if she doesn't keep the skirt pinned up the back to her waist all the time.

Now, friend Jack, if you had to cook, milk, wash, sew, and do what a woman has to do for one week, which would you prefer, the wrapper and apron or the skirt and waist? I think you would say, "Bring me the wrapper and apron, for my back is so tired holding up this heavy skirt and the band is too tight around my waist."

I wear the wrapper and apron myself, and do all my house-work and help my husband in the field some. If I should wear tight-fitting dresses, I could not do half the work I do and I would be in misery all the time.

As to the hair—well, Jack, if you had to put on a sun-bonnet and go out of the house to get something or do something every little while

through the day, you would not keep your hair so smooth either.

Come again, Jack, and please give the men a few points to think over. Catawba Co., N. C.

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